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 Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

opportunity that presents itself after a season of war shall have opened. It is a tale of an ordinary group of seamen, caught at random in a frightful crisis, facing inordinate peril and sharing a holocaust, but never a one of them, in the ranks nor out of them failed to perform the whole hand duty that beset him.

A powder explosion gives no time for the sorting out of specific duties and those who live through it can act only on intuition in whatsoever they do to mitigate the horror and save others, and in this instance every man jack of them took his death blow manfully or while he lived was doing something to ward off the inseparable and consequent evils of the crisis. It was as magnificent an exposition of human courage and nobleness as has found record in the world in years and will never be forgotten. It showed the quality of the men who are serving the country in the navy and gives an abiding assurance of the fact that America lacks nothing in the way of absolute bravery and sterling faith so far as that branch of the war service is concerned. And if any other nation is dubious about this claim of ours, based on such a supreme test, let them engage these men in their particular line.

**STILL A MOOT-QUESTION.**

A correspondent of the New York Sun who signs himself, or herself "One Hal!" anxiously inquires what the sex of the American Eagle is supposed to be.

The Sun cites a paragraph in Milton's *Areopagitica* as the sentiment that governs the general use of the female as an emblem of nationality, as follows:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and persistent nation. . . . As an eagle nursing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

But the Sun is evidently unsatisfied with that version and cites Drake and his description of what Freedom in the way back did, as follows:

"Then from her mansion in the sun She called her eagle-bearer down And gave into his mighty hand The symbol of her chosen land."

There is better authority still. In 1861 Mark Twain wrote a Fourth of July oration which started him on the road to fame. Its opening sentence was this:

"I was sired by the great American eagle and borne by a Continental Dam."

There is still another authority. It is the Irishman's impromptu sentiment when called upon for a toast. He responded as follows:

"Here's to the American Eagle. The proud bird of Freedom, all hail! The bould fowl whom none can inveigle. Nor onny put salt on his tail."

No doubt the sex of the bird must have come from "Old Abe," the eagle that one of the Wisconsin regiments bore through the war.

The eagle was in every battle that the regiment engaged in, and its scream was part of the battle inspiration of the regiment. But when the regiment was mustered out and "Old Abe" was given a home on the grounds of the Agricultural society of Wisconsin, he shocked all his old associates by laying an egg.—Salt Lake Telegram.

**EDITORIAL SALAD.**

At Hanville, Pa., there lives a woman furniture mover. She has printed on her vans the following appeal to the public: "Don't worry—get married and keep on moving."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Bill Ward says: "To unload your cares on others is much like a friend asking you to carry his bag, overcoat and umbrella that he may have a smoke."

While criticizing San Francisco all she deserves, it will be noticed there is one city where they do put 'em in the penitentiary once in a while.

Schmitz will take a fiddle with him to San Quentin prison—a reminder of the only honest work he ever did.

It begins to be apparent there is little difference between the unwritten law and simply unwriting the law.

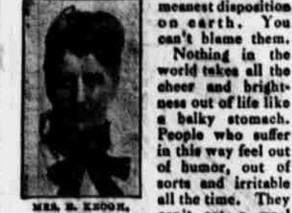
**DESERTS TO FOLLOW HER.**

BAKERSFIELD, Cal., July 18.—Because his sweetheart left her home in Delaware to come to Los Angeles, George Crichton, a private enlisted in the 4th Company of coast artillery at Fort Dupont, Delaware, deserted the army and followed the girl to the coast. Disappointed at not being able to find her here, and footsore, weary and half sick, he surrendered himself to the local recruiting officers, and is tonight lodged in the county jail, and must face a court martial, with the prospect of a long term in the military prison on Alcatraz Island ahead of him.

**ARRESTS SUSPECT.**  
 NEW YORK, July 18.—Announcement was made today that Sheriff Lane of Westchester, aided by private detectives, has arrested a man who he believes is one of the murderers of Julius T. Rosenheimer, the wealthy manufacturer who was struck down while walking with his wife in the grounds of his country estate, at Pelham recently. The name of the suspect is withheld, but he is described as an ex-convict, 32 years old, who has served time in the reformatory at Pontiac, Ill., and in Sing Sing. A second arrest, that of the pal of the suspect now detained, is about to be made, and a speedy solution of the mystery that has surrounded the crime is promised.

**SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.**

**INDIGESTION.**



Show me a person who suffers from indigestion or dyspepsia and I will show you a person with the meanest disposition on earth. You can't blame them. Nothing in the world takes all the cheer and brightness out of life like a balky stomach. People who suffer in this way feel out of humor, out of sorts and irritable all the time. They can't eat a meal without suffering intensely afterward. Their faces are usually covered with pimples and blotches. They always have headache, constipation, are tired and listless and as many whom I have talked to put it 'just feel mean and bad all over.' They are always dosing themselves on pills and pre-digested foods and the like until they have so weakened their stomachs that they can't eat anything. It's all nonsense. I have seen and talked with people who had lived for months on milk and toast, take a bottle or two of Cooper's New Discovery and inside of two weeks sit down and eat a big meal at night then go to bed and sleep as well as any one. Here is one case I have in mind.

Mrs. Ellen Keogh, 1907 Ogden Ave., Superior, Wis., recently wrote me:

"No one knows what awful suffering I have endured from indigestion. My stomach would not digest the simplest foods and no matter what I ate I would be sure to suffer afterwards. I was also constipated and had queer dizzy spells and frightful headaches. Oft times I felt so badly that I could scarcely walk. I had taken Cooper's New Discovery but a short time when I noticed a decided improvement. Now I can truthfully say I feel greatly improved in every way and today for the first time in ten years I enjoyed a hearty meal. I am indeed very grateful to you."

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**Charles Rogers**

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**WEATHER.**  
 Western Washington—Fair, except showers in extreme north-west.  
 Eastern Oregon and Washington and Idaho—Probably fair.

**ELECTRIC INTERURBANS.**

Someone in Astoria is going to lose a splendid opportunity for the best sort of an investment, if they daily with the electric-interurban-Astoria-Seaside proposition much longer. Now is the time to grasp this situation, while it is free from all extraneous claim and influence. Outside capital has made a mess of one of the best transportation ventures in the Northwest, and the time is ripe for the assertion of local interest in the undertaking. It will be too late some day, when foreign money is coming a profit that might have been husbanded right at home upon an investment that carries with it immense collateral agencies for accumulation in the way of development along the route of the road.

There is ample wealth here for such work as this and there is every sort of example all over the country to show that interurban electric lines are the very cream of paying investments. The whole proposition can be exploited without going outside the doors of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce, and we hope to see some timely and propitious thing done to keep this quasi-public energy within our own fold and the realization within the purview of the Astoria pocketbooks and bank accounts.

**IMPROVEMENTS AT ASTORIA.**

When another summer sun shall shine on this seaport it will fall happily on two fine specimens of public and private enterprise. The Clatsop County Court House and the "Weinhart-Astoria" Hotel, together standing for \$300,000 of good money, and both filling long-felt wants in the community; both superior ornaments to the city, and, with the splendid new \$75,000 structure belonging to the Astoria Savings Bank, forming a trio-nucleus for the long string of structures that are to follow in due and quick sequence. For it must be remembered by all concerned that Astoria is on the up-grade with everything coming her way in good order and not-remote season, and she will do her best to keep up with the procession of northwestern cities, in all details of beauty, convenience and public utility.

One of the certain and particular lines of development awaiting the living touch of the propitious moment and compelling dollar (both drawing near), are the new docks and warehouses that are indispensable in the assured program for Astoria and her bay-neighbors of the west; and with these will come the ships and business, by degrees, until we shall attain to our logical destiny as THE seaport of the upper Pacific Coast; with Portland capital bolstering, and Oregon snap maturing, the common sense scheme of state-wide development. Portland laughs at the prospectus we swear by, but she will swing into line with due timeliness and considerable vigor when our hour arrives. Some of her people are already next!

**UNPARALLELED BRAVERY.**

The story told by Captain McCrea, of the battleship Georgia, to the representative of the Associated Press, of the splendid grit and forethought of the officers and men involved in the recent horrible explosion on board that fine vessel, will make good reading for some of the Japanese jingoes who profess to believe that the American sailor will desert his ship and his colors at the first

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